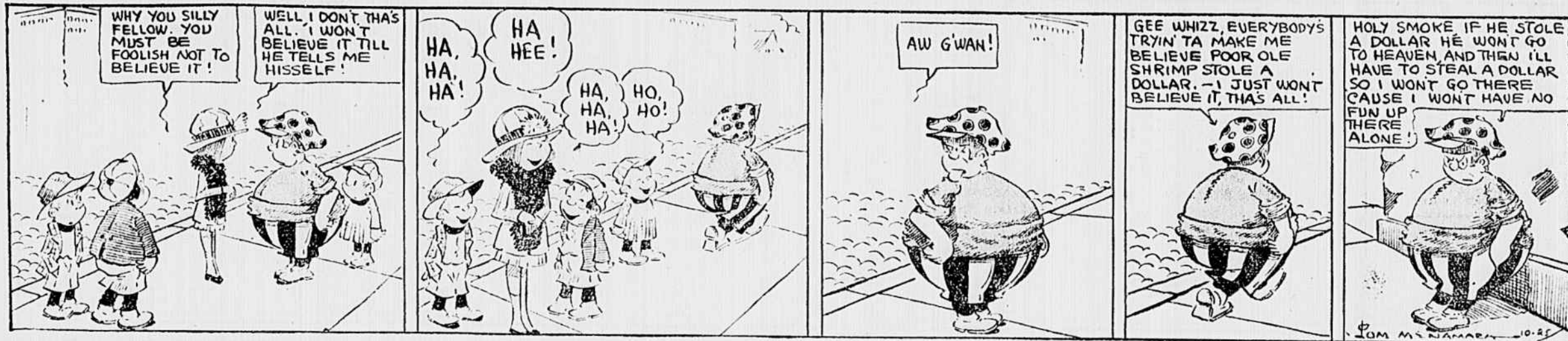


US BOYS



Did Shrimp Do It, or Didn't He?

The Sandman Story

Why Mr. Fox Moved.

It was getting to be very cold weather, but the dahlias and asters were in the garden by the high stone wall did not seem to mind it. The leaves had fallen from the trees the night before, and as they rustled past they called to the flowers, "You better go to sleep, Jack Frost gave us a terrible fright last night in his white coat!"

The sparrows in the tree over the garden wall looked down and chattered, "You silly flowers! Don't you know it is cold and you will freeze? Go to bed!"

The bare limbs of the trees waved back and forth, cracking the wind, to warn them that it was getting late, but the dahlias and asters only raised their bright heads and nodded.

"What care we for the chill, crisp air?" they said to each other. "We have been asleep all summer. Why should we hurry away, now that we are here?"

The cold wind came that night and told them that winter was on his way and they better go to sleep, and the rain came down to tell them it might be its last visit for the snow was getting impatient to fall.

The next morning the sun came out and the dahlias and asters laughed as they bobbed about. "Who is afraid of snow? We are not; why, we just love the cold, crisp air!"

"You flowers better go to sleep," called a squirrel from the top of the garden wall. "Don't you know we had a frost last night, and it is late for flowers to be out?"

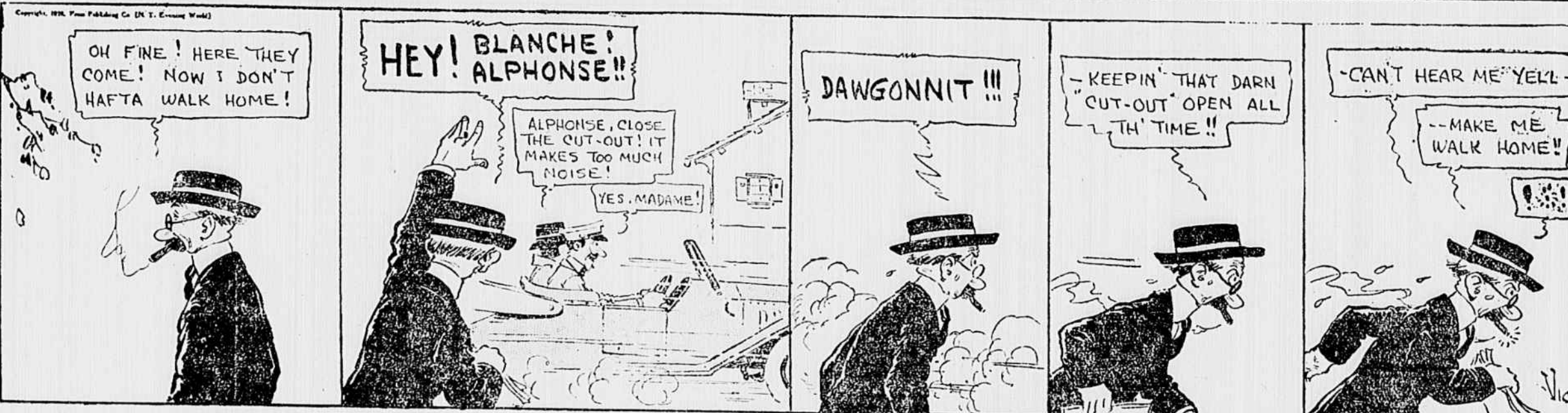
"We are not afraid of frost or snow," called back the flowers, "and why shouldn't we stay a long time? Why does every one tell us to go to sleep?"

But that night old north wind came down from his cold white wings over the garden wall he flew, grumbling and muttering, "Where are they, where are they?" he asked. "What is all this I hear about you?" he asked. "Don't you know it is time you were in bed and asleep? It is Thanksgiving time and the people want snow, and here you are holding back the seasons. Get to bed, all of you, quick!"

And then how he did blow and bluster about! The poor dahlias and asters hurried into bed, and when morning came they were fast asleep under a blanket of snow, and never once did they show their heads until the next year. Copyright, 1919.

JOE'S CAR

Joe's Wife Sure Is Keen for Speed!



LEAVE IT TO LOU

She "Drove" Him to Anger!



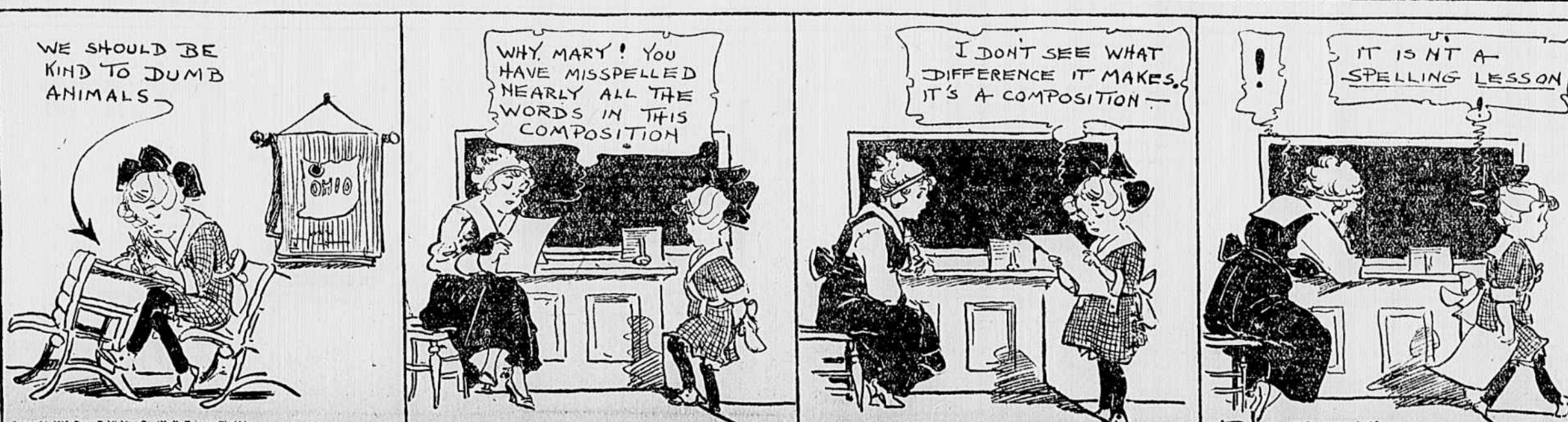
THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

Dewberry Is a Man After Our Own Heart!



LITTLE MARY MIX-UP

What Do You Expect in a Composition?



With the Film Folks

The Dahlias and the Asters.

How It Happened.

Although Harry Carey's Western pictures frequently endanger the lives of all the players in the making, Carey's first gun-fighting experience occurred in a staid and placid old New York City.

Several years before Carey entered the motion pictures he attended college in New York City, and he was studying for the law and it was necessary for him to attend a session of the night court on the lower East Side.

Just as he passed Cooper Union two taxicabs raced head-on down the street. They stopped immediately in front of him. The doors swung open and seven men left each cab to engage in a violent pistol battle.

When the smoke cleared away four of the fourteen men lay dead, a policeman was writhing on the pavement and the other ten were running in all directions, blazing away at one another from behind lamp posts.

A detective sergeant, turned from the running board of a police machine and rushed into the midst of the battle. As he turned his head one of the gangsters stepped out from the shadow of a doorway just at Carey's elbow. He leveled a revolver at the officer's back. Carey knocked him out with a blow from his fist.

Suddenly the street became alive with returning gangsters, police and on-lookers. Standing with his back to a wall beside the detective sergeant and the uniformed police, Carey battled with his fists, personally caught two of the gunmen and aided materially in restoring order.

A few minutes later he was summoned by the police commissioners to be thanked, and he discovered a gunshot wound in his hand.

House Peters Pleased.

House Peters, a former favorite in shadowland, and who recently returned to the screen, has pronounced views relative to the industry. Here are a few choice morsels culled from a recent interview.

"The history of the world tomorrow will be handed down to posterity through the medium of the silver sheet."

"One of the most progressive strides made recently in the silent drama, is the time and that is taken in advance preparation."

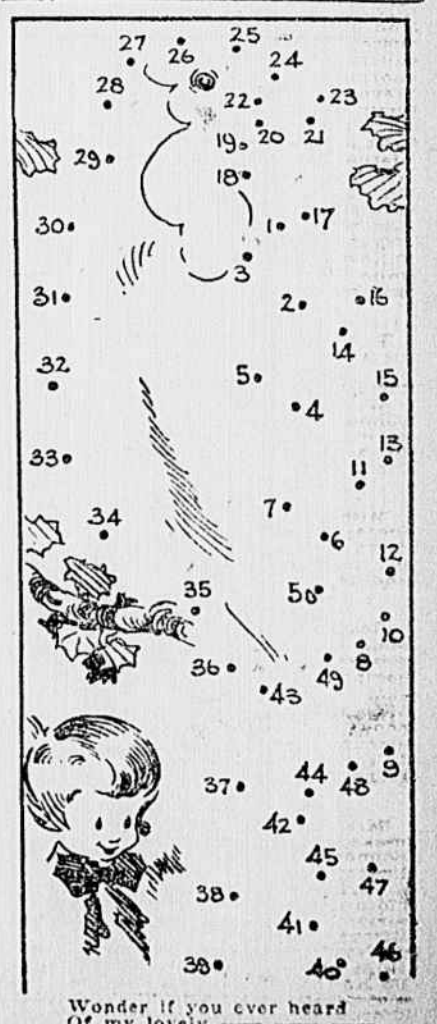
"The co-operative disposition shown by the author, the director, the actor and other producing units is a wonderful stimulus to the player to do his best work."

"No person is more susceptible to crude or inharmonious surroundings than an actor, who in all sincerity is endeavoring to give the best that is in him in his art."

Bessie's Shah Story.

"Once upon a time" Bessie Barriscale was playing at a London theater, where the late Shah of Persia was a frequent visitor. He was very popular with stage folk. His presence was profuse, exquisite and rare, his dinners wonderful. One day the Queen invited him to attend the Derby and he accepted, but when Her Majesty sent for him he (according to Bessie) said: "Tell Her Majesty that I have to go to the theater instead of attending the horse race. I already know that one horse can run faster than another. I can't see any entertainment in that." And the Shah, avers Bessie, never could understand why everybody, including the Queen, laughed about it.

Puzzle Picture



Wonder if you ever heard
Of my lovely
Draw from one to two and so on to
the end.